

Sept. Oct

# PRIZE COMICS

# WESTERN

52 PAGES

No. 77

10¢

IN THIS ISSUE...

Wm. Holden  
Macdonald Carey  
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COMPLETE  
STORY

based on Paramount's Technicolor Picture

# "STREETS OF LAREDO"

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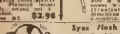
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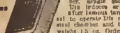
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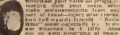
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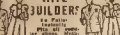
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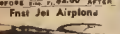
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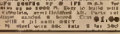
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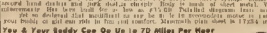


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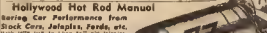
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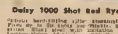


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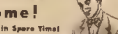


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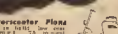
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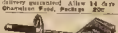
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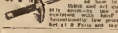
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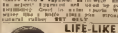
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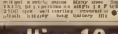
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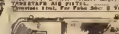
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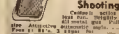
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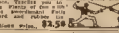
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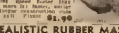
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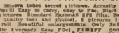
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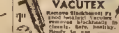
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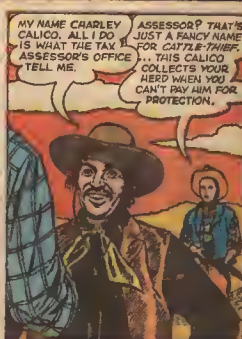
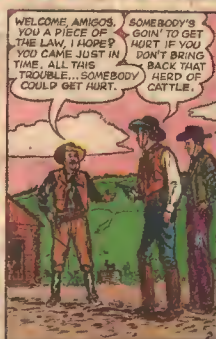
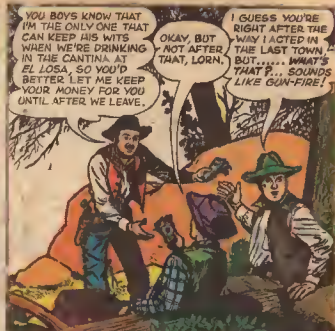
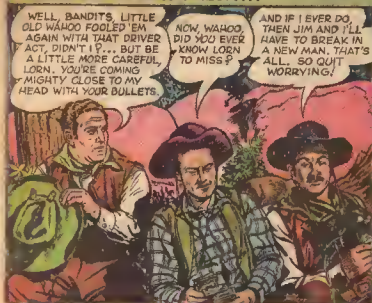
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A FEW HOURS LATER AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS, LORN AND HIS  
PALS DIVIDED THE STAGECOACH LOOT....



ME? I DON'T NEED TO LIE AND STEAL... I OWN BIGGEST SALOON IN EL LOSA, EVERYBODY IN EL LOSA TELL YOU CHARLEY CALICO'S UPRIGHT AS DAY IS LONG.

IF YOU'RE SO UPRIGHT THEN YOU WON'T MIND PAYING THIS LITTLE LADY FOR THOSE COWS YOU DROVE OFF.

WAIT A MINUTE, NOT SO FAST. WITH MY MONEY, SENOR.

NEVER KEEP A LADY WAITING, CALICO... NOW BEAT IT... WILMOOSE!

HERE YOU ARE, LITTLE LADY, WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS... THAT OUGHT TO PAY YOU FOR SEVERAL HERDS OF CATTLE.

MY NAME'S RANNIE... AND I THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MISTER.

HEY THERE, THAT'S MY MONEY... OH, SURE, SURE. I WAS JUST LEAVING. ADIOS, MAYBE I SEE ALL OF YOU AROUND SOMEWHERE.



MY UNCLE AND I LIVE HERE ALONE... I WONDER WHERE HE IS? I KNOW HE'LL WANT TO MEET AND THANK YOU BRAVE MEN.

YEAH, BRAVE AND DUMB!



UNCLE GIL? OH, UNCLE GIL! HERE ARE THE MEN WHO... OHNA! POOR UNCLE GIL! I'D LIKE TO KILL THAT CALICO!

YOU DON'T WANNA GO IN LITTLE GIRL, HE DOESN'T LOOK PRETTY RIGHT NOW.



SAY SOMETHING SOMEBODY.

SEEMS LIKE THE LORD SAID.... HE SAID.... OH, I DON'T KNOW....

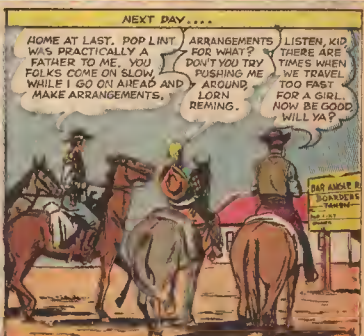
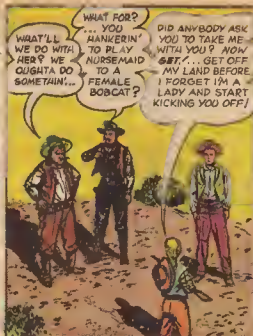
SHUCKS, IT GOES LIKE THIS.... "DEARLY BELOVED, WE'RE JOINED HERE --" SAY, THAT DON'T SOUND RIGHT... HOW DOES IT GO, LORN?



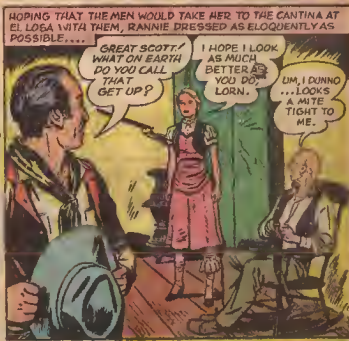
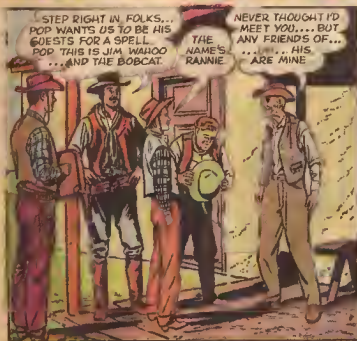
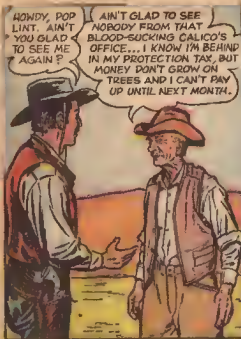
I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE, SAITH THE LORD. SIC EUNT FATA HOMINUM... AMEN.

GEE, IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE EDUCATED LIKE THAT.









UNKNOWN TO LORN, CALICO AND CANTELE AMBUSHED HIM AND HIS PAIS AND FOLLOWED THEM AT A DISTANCE.

BUT LORN, RANNIE'S JUST A KID, AND YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HER YOU WERE COMING BACK UNLESS YOU MEANT IT.

MAYBE THAT'S THE TROUBLE! DON'T LOOK WITH YOU, JIM! NOW, GENTS, MAYBE YOU KET BUT I THINK YOUR WORD WITH WE'VE GOT WOMEN, AND COMPANY, WHERE'D IT GET YOU?



YOU ARE VERY KIND, BUT WE DO NOT REQUIRE AN ESCORT, SENOR CALICO.

NOW, AMIGO, IS THERE A NICE WAY TO TALK? CALICO HAS A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO DISCUSS WITH HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS IN EL LOSA... ABOUT SOME MONEY AND SOME CATTLE, IS NO?



SEEING HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED, LORN RIDES FORWARD AGAIN.

NOW LISTEN, YOU TWO, AS SOON AS THAT CLOUD COVERS THE MOON, SPREAD OUT... KEEP SEPARATED, AND MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

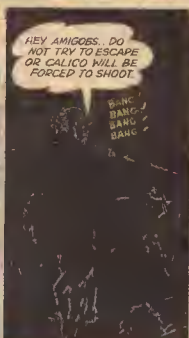
YES, I KNOW, BUT...

SHUT UP, WAHOO. USE YOUR HEAD INSTEAD OF YOUR TONGUE FOR ONCE.



HEY AMIGOS, DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE OR CALICO WILL BE FORCED TO SHOOT.

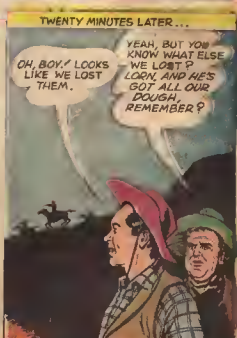
BANG  
BANG  
BANG  
BANG



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

OH, BOY! LOOKS LIKE WE LOST THEM.

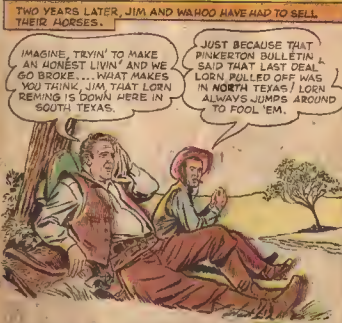
YEAH, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE WE LOST? LORN, AND HE'S GOT ALL OUR DOUGH, REMEMBER?



TWO YEARS LATER, JIM AND WAHOO HAVE HAD TO SELL THEIR HORSES.

IMAGINE, TRYIN' TO MAKE AN 'HONEST LIVIN' AND WE GO BROKE... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK, JIM, THAT LORN REMING IS DOWN HERE IN SOUTH TEXAS.

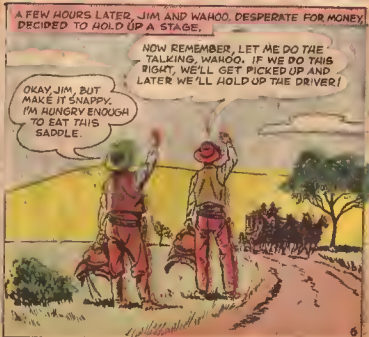
JUST BECAUSE THAT PINKERTON BULLETIN SAID THAT LAST DEAL LORN, POLLED OFF WAS IN NORTH TEXAS! LORN ALWAYS JUMPS AROUND TO FOOL 'EM.



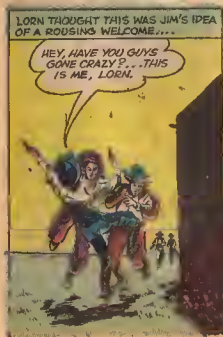
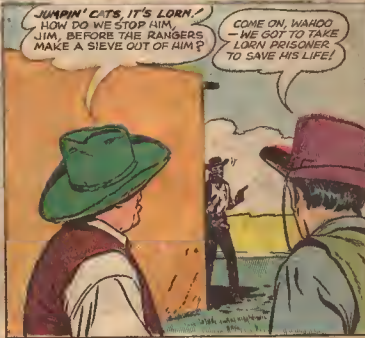
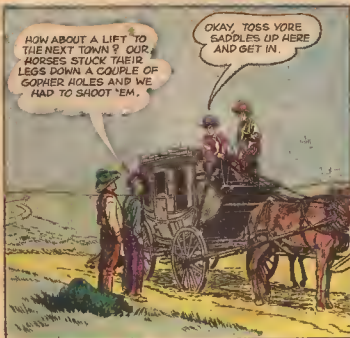
A FEW HOURS LATER, JIM AND WAHOO, DESPERATE FOR MONEY, DECIDED TO HOLD UP A STAGE.

NOW REMEMBER, LET ME DO THE TALKING, WAHOO. IF WE DO THIS RIGHT, WE'LL GET PICKED UP AND LATER WE'LL HOLD UP THE DRIVER!

OKAY, JIM, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY. I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT THIS SADDLE.







NEXT DAY, IN ORDER TO HELP LORN ESCAPE, JIM AND WAHOO TOOK THE RANGER'S OATH FROM MAJOR BAILEY, COMMANDING OFFICER.

... AND THEREFORE AS A MEMBER OF THE RANGER FORCE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO PRESERVE LAW AND ORDER TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY... SO HELP ME, GOD.

SO HELP ME...

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, JIM BROUGHT LORN SOME SUPPER.

PSST, AHIGO... I WANTA EXPLAIN WHY WAHOO AND I HAD TO JUMP YOU... THERE WERE TWO RANGERS, DEAD SHOTS, AND THEY WOULD HAVE PUMPED YOU FULL OF LEAD.

BUT, LORN, WE'RE STILL YOUR FRIENDS AND WAHOO HAS THREE HORSES IN THE COMPOUND ALL SADDLED AND WAITING FOR US, AND... O-O-OH!

SAVE YOUR EXPLANATIONS, BONEHEAD FOR MAJOR BAILEY. FROM HERE ON OUT, LORN REMING PLAYS A LONE HAND.

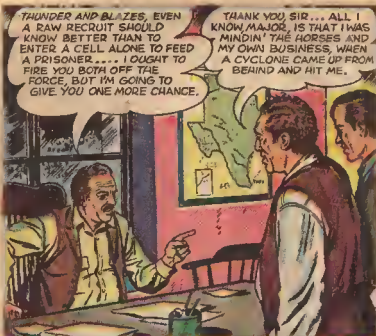
GOOD OLD LORN, I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT... WHERE'S JIM?

LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK, WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A SECOND.

BUT, LORN, YOU DON'T SAVVY THE TRICK WE PLAYED WAS TO...

YOU'LL NEVER DOUBLE-CROSS LORN REMING AGAIN, YOU FOOL!

ADIOS, SUCKERS!





LORN TIED THE HANDS OF THE RIDERS FOR THE MALENTY COMPANY TO THE POMMELS OF THEIR SADDLES.

NOW, THERE'S THE MALENTY COMPANY ALL READY FOR YOU TO SNATCH. FIRE YOUR GUNS IN THE AIR AND RIDE DOWN AND TAKE OVER AS IF YOU RANGERS HAD OVERPOWERED ME.

I GET IT AND WHEN WE DRIVE THAT HERD INTO THE RANGER CAMP, JIM AND I'LL BE HEROES AGAIN.

LORN, YOU'RE A GENIUS.

PRETENDING THAT THEY SCARED OFF LORN, JIM AND WAHOO RODE DOWN TO TAKE CUSTODY OF THE HERD.

AND DON'T FORGET, YOU TWO, THAT WHEN THERE'S A GOLD SHIPMENT OR A BIG CATTLE DRIVE, STAY IN THE RANGERS AND SLIP ME THE WORD.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, RIDING THROUGH THE RANGER COMPOUND....

NICE JOB, RANGERS.

THE CHIEF IS SMILIN' AGAIN.

YOU'RE IN, FELLAS... YOU LUCKY STIFFS!

BOYS, THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD IN PRIVATE TO CONGRATULATE—YOU ON THAT MALENTY JOB... MISS CARTER, I WANT YOU TO MEET TWO FINE EXAMPLES OF TEXAS RANGERS.

OH, IT WASN'T MUCH OF NOTHIN', MAJOR, JUST BRAVERY AN' BRAINS AN'—

IT AIN'T, IT CAN'T BE!

IT IS!

JIM!... WAHOO! ... WHERE'S... WHERE'S LORN?

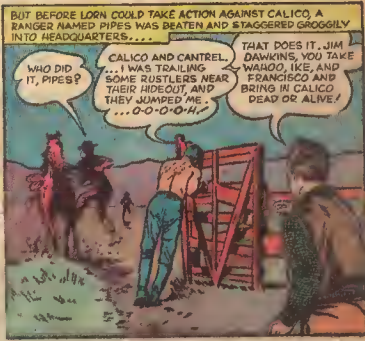
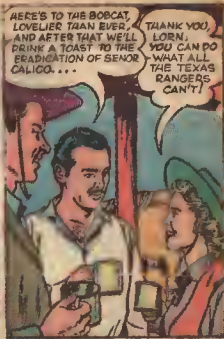
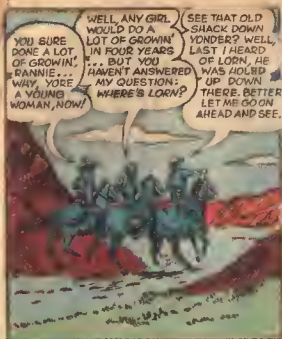
RANNIE, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WASTING MY TIME, IT LOOKS LIKE. CALICO IS STILL BLEEDING US, ALTHOUGH POP AND I HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL, BUT MAJOR BAILEY SAYS THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO... IMAGINE!

JIM, I WISH YOU'D PLEASE EXPLAIN TO MISS CARTER THAT THE LAW FORBIDS RANGERS FROM INTERFERING UNLESS THE CITY OR COUNTY AUTHORITIES ASK FOR US, OR THE CITIZENS SIGN A PETITION.

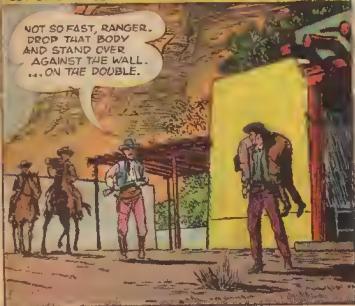
FIDDLESTICKS/CALICO'D SKIN OUR SHERIFF ALIVE IF HE'D EVEN LOOK AT A RANGER.... THE RANGERS ARE SUPPOSED TO MAKE TEXAS A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE IN... IS THIS HOW YOU DO IT, MAJOR?

MEN, I FIGURE THAT IF YOU COULD HANDLE THAT MALENTY JOB BY YOURSELVES, YOU CAN HANDLE THIS TICKLISH SITUATION.



BUT JIM, WITH CALICO'S DEAD BODY, WALKED INTO A TRAP SET BY CANTREL ....

NOT SO FAST, RANGER.  
DROP THAT BODY  
AND STAND OVER  
AGAINST THE WALL.  
...ON THE DOUBLE.



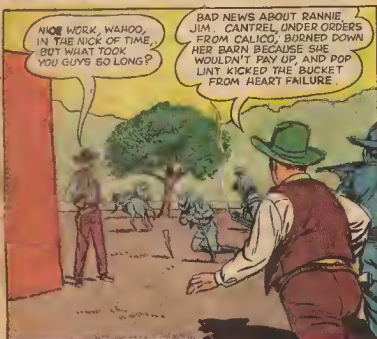
SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS,  
RANGER.

YOU'LL NEVER GET  
AWAY WITH THIS,  
CANTREL. LAW AND  
ORDER HAVE COME  
TO TEXAS TO STAY!



NOW WORK, WAHOO,  
IN THE NICK OF TIME,  
BUT WHAT TOOK  
YOU GUYS SO LONG?

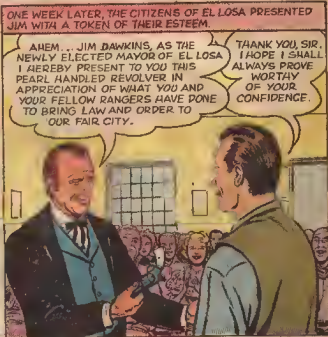
BAD NEWS ABOUT RANNIE  
JIM. CANTREL, UNDER ORDERS  
FROM CALICO, BURNED DOWN  
HER BARN BECAUSE SHE  
WOULDN'T PAY UP, AND POP  
LINT KICKED THE BUCKET  
FROM HEART FAILURE.



ONE WEEK LATER, THE CITIZENS OF EL LOSA PRESENTED  
JIM WITH A TOKEN OF THEIR ESTEEM.

AHEM... JIM DAWKINS, AS THE  
NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR OF EL LOSA  
I HEREBY PRESENT TO YOU THIS  
PEARL HANDLED REVOLVER IN  
APPRECIATION OF WHAT YOU AND  
YOUR FELLOW RANGERS HAVE DONE  
TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO  
OUR FAIR CITY.

THANK YOU, SIR.  
I HOPE I SHALL  
ALWAYS PROVE  
WORTHY OF  
YOUR  
CONFIDENCE.



SCORE, BECAUSE JIM DIDN'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE  
TO KILL CALICO. LORN WENT ON A RAMPAGE  
OF HOLD-UPS UNTIL THERE WAS A REWARD OF  
\$5000 FOR HIM DEAD OR ALIVE.

IF YOU GENTLEMEN KNOW  
WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU JUST  
LIE FLAT ON YOUR BACKS  
UNTIL I'M OUT OF SIGHT...



MAJOR BAILEY WILL  
BE FIT TO BE TIED  
WHEN HE FINDS OUT  
THAT THE RANGERS'  
OWN PAYROLL HAS  
BEEN STOLEN THIS  
TIME.

YEAH, THAT'S  
SORT OF  
AUMILIATIN'.



WOUNDED BY A BOLLET FROM THE  
GUARD'S RIFLE, LORN HEADED FOR  
RANNIE'S HOME.



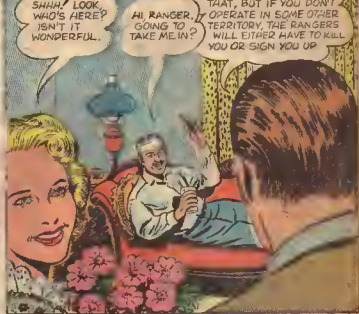


NEXT DAY, JIM WENT A-COURTIN'...



WHY, JIM, THESE FLOWERS  
AND THIS CANDY FOR ME?  
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE  
—AND I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU, TOO.

YEAH, WELL, I GOT ANOTHER  
ONE... RANNIE, I'M A MAN  
OF FEW WORDS, BUT IF  
YOU LIKE ME AS MUCH  
AS I LIKE YOU, WHY,  
WHAT SAY WE...



SHHH! LOOK,  
WHO'S HERE?  
ISN'T IT  
WONDERFUL.

HI, RANGER.  
GOING TO  
TAKE ME IN?

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN  
THAT, BUT IF YOU DON'T  
OPERATE IN SOME OTHER  
TERRITORY, THE RANGERS  
WILL EITHER HAVE TO KILL  
YOU OR SIGN YOU UP.



THIS IS ALL A  
TERRIBLE  
SHOCK TO  
ME, JIM....  
YOU MUST  
TAKE LORN  
IN. IT'S YOUR  
DUTY.

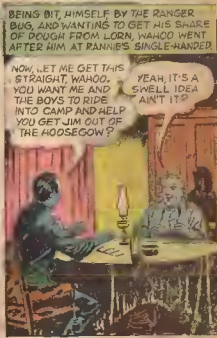
NEVER MIND THE  
BOBCAT, JIM...  
BUT LISTEN, PART  
OF THE MONEY  
I GOT IN THAT  
LAREDO BANK  
IS YOURS. DON'T  
YOU WANT IT?

I WOULDN'T SOIL  
MY HANDS WITH  
IT.... I'M A SURE  
HUFF RANGER.  
NOW, LORN, AND  
I WARN YOU TO  
GET OUT OF THIS  
TERRITORY  
QUICK.



I'M SORRY MAJOR,  
BAILEY, BUT LORN  
REMING IS AN OLD  
FRIEND OF MINE.  
I'LL HAVE TO  
RESIGN, BECAUSE  
I CAN'T BRING  
HIM IN.

SORRY TO HEAR  
THAT, DAWKINS.  
YOU WERE FIRST IN  
LINE FOR PROMOTION  
AND NOW I'LL HAVE  
TO PLACE YOU  
UNDER ARREST. YOU  
SEE, I'VE KNOWN  
AT L, ALONG ABOUT  
YOUR FORMER  
CAREER AS A BANDIT  
WITH LORN REMING!



BEING HIT, HIMSELF BY THE RANGER  
BUG, AND WANTING TO GET HIS SHARE  
OF DOUGH FROM LORN, WAHOO WENT  
AFTER HIM AT RANNIE'S SINGLE-HANDED.

NOW, LET ME GET THIS  
STRAIGHT, WAHOO.  
YOU WANT ME AND  
THE BOYS TO RIDE  
INTO CAMP AND HELP  
YOU GET JIM OUT OF  
THE HOOSEGOV?

YEAH, IT'S A  
SWELL IDEA  
AIN'T IT?



YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH,  
WAHOO. I OVERHEARD YOU  
PLANNING TO TRAP ME  
WITH RANNIE SENDING WORD  
TO WARN THE RANGERS. HA'HA!

OH, I LOATHE YOU, LORN  
REMING YOU COLD-BLOODED  
KILLER. GET OUT OF MY  
HOUSE THIS MINUTE BEFORE  
I TURN YOU IN MYSELF.  
GET OUT.

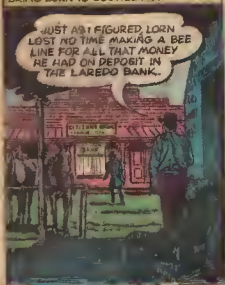


WHY, IT'S  
WAHOO.

YEAH, AND THE  
POOR DEVIL'S DEAD  
... SOMEBODY  
TELL JIM.

COMPANY D  
HEADQUARTERS

FABBITTERED BY THE DEATH OF HIS PAL WAHOO, JIM TOLD MAJOR BAILEY THAT HE HAD DECIDED TO DO HIS DUTY AND BRING LORN TO JUSTICE....



JUST AS I FIGURED, LORN LOST NO TIME MAKING A BEE LINE FOR ALL THAT MONEY HE HAD ON DEPOSIT IN THE LAREDO BANK.

HELLO, LORN. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU IN FOR THE DEATH OF WAHOO, AND SEVERAL MINOR MATTERS. BETTER COME PEACEABLE.



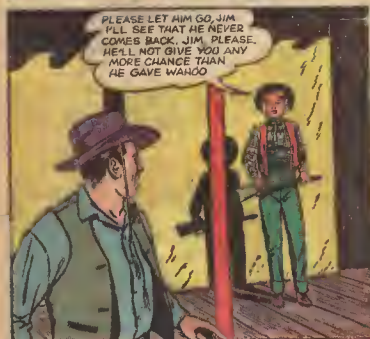
WHY, JIM, I HEARD THAT YOU HAD RESIGNED FROM THE RANGERS. A WISE BOY, TOO, FOR A BIG PART OF THIS MONEY IS YOURS, AND YOU CAN HAVE WAHOO'S SHARE, TOO.

ALL I WANT LORN, IS FOR YOU TO COME WITH ME, COME PEACEABLE FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.



I'M LEAVING THE STATE, JIM. DON'T TRY TO STOP ME OR I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU.

PSST! JIM, OH, JIM!



PLEASE LET HIM GO, JIM. I'LL SEE THAT HE NEVER COMES BACK, JIM. PLEASE. HE'LL NOT GIVE YOU ANY MORE CHANCE THAN HE GAVE WAHOO.



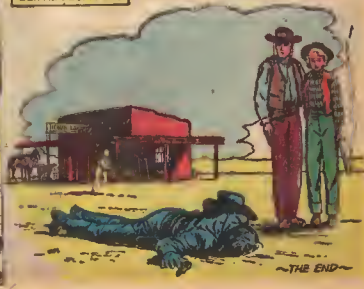
O-O-O-H!

SORRY, JIM, BUT I ALWAYS TOLD YOU NEVER TO TRUST A WOMAN.



WELL, I'LL BE --

AND SO ON THE STREETS OF LAREDO, THE BOLD, SNEERING OUTLAW, LORN REMING, MET THE DEATH HE DESERVED AT THE HANDS OF A BRAVE TEXAS RANGER AND A WOMAN WHOSE SEX HE DESPISED.



THE END

# KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS  
ALBUS

PITYROSPORUM  
OVALE

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing  
known to Science can do more to

## SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Head Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

### ENJOY THESE 6 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful hair-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 320 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

**TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW**

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

Q104

**ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!**

Ward Laboratories, Inc.,

320 E. 49th St., Dept. C.P., New York 17, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Zone .....

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course.

Zone .....

State .....

Zone .....

State .....

Zone .....

State .....

Zone .....

State .....

**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

SCALP ITCH  
FALLING  
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD  
ODORS

**Proof!**

We get letters every day from people who say "I wish I had used Ward's Formula sooner!"

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. A., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. L. M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Chicago, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Fresno, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the irritating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

### Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually **SEE, FEEL, and ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.



BRAVE MEN AND HARDY WOMEN  
PUSHED BACK THE FRONTIERS,  
TRAVELING IN THEIR CUMBERSOME  
COVERED WAGONS, BRAVING BLAZING  
HEAT, AND MARROW-FREEZING COLD...  
FACING THE TERRORS OF THE UNKNOWN  
...AND THE GRIM REALITIES OF HOSTILE  
INDIANS... BUT IT REMAINS FOR **DUSTY  
BALLEW** AND **GUMPTION JONES**  
TO BATTLE THE DEADLIEST PERIL OF  
ALL, THE MOST VICIOUS OF CRIMES...  
... TREASON! AS...

# The WAGONS ROLL WESTWARD!

PSST, GUMPTION... I  
WORKED ONE HAND  
FREE... I'LL GET THESE  
THONGS OFF IN A  
MINUTE, THEN I'LL  
OPEN YOURS...

ONCE I GIT MUH HANDS FREE, I WON'T  
REST UNTIL I WRAP 'EM AROUND THAT  
RENEGADE MCKETTRICK'S THROAT...  
LOOK AT HIM STANDIN' THERE, AN'  
SMILIN'.. THE DIRTY TRAITOR!



ON THE DUSTY, SUN-BAKED PRAIRIE WAGON  
ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS, DURING THE  
GREAT MIGRATION WESTWARD... TWO SOLITARY  
HORSEMEN JOG ALONG...

WHAT'S WRONG, GUMPTION?  
YOU'RE TWISTIN' AROUND  
IN YOUR SADDLE, LIKE  
YOU HAVE THE  
SEVEN YEAR ITCH!

I DUNNO, DUSTY.  
BUT I FEEL  
MIGHTY UNEASY.  
IT'S TOO QUIET.



YOU'RE JUMPY, GUMPTION. JUST BECAUSE  
OF THAT TALK ABOUT THE SIOUX BEIN'  
ON THE WARPATH... WHY, THERE PROBABLY  
ISN'T A HOSTILE INDIAN FOR  
MILES AROUND... AN'... **HEY!**

MISTER BALLEW,  
THAT'S AN INJUN  
ARROW... HIT THE  
DIRT!



SUDDENLY, OVER A RISE, A MOUNTED BAND OF SIOUX, SHOUTING THEIR WILD WAR CRIES, SWOOP DOWN ON THE EMBATTLED PAIR...

HERE THEY COME, GUMPTION!

I SEE 'EM! YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



YIELD! OR THE OLD ONE DIES!

DON'T PAY NO HEED, DUSTY... FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT!

NO, GUMPTION... I WON'T LEAVE YOU! OKAY... WE'RE YOUR PRISONERS!



AND MOMENTS LATER, THERE IS A WILD STRUGGLE, AS THE TWO MEN FIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS...

POWDER RIVER! LET 'ER BUCK!

KEEP FIGHTING, OLD TIMER! KEEP FIGHTING!



AND SO TIED, DUSTY AND GUMPTION ARE LEO AWAY BY THEIR CAPTORS...

THIS IS A PURTY KETTLE OF FISH, DUSTY! BY THE TIME THIS BUNCH GETS THROUGH WITH US, WE'LL WISH WE WERE DEAD!

YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SOMETHIN', GUMPTION! WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE! WE AIN'T LICKED YET... NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE...

HOWDY, GENTS! HOPE THE BOYS DIDN'T HANDLE YOU TOO ROUGH! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MAH SIDE KICK, FLYING EAGLE! HE'LL TREAT YOU FINE! HE HAS A LITTLE CEREMONY PLANNED, IN YOUR HONOR!

ACCOUNT RENEGADE... WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?

I DON'T NEED TO HAVE HIM TELL US, GUMPTION! THIS IS WALT MCKETRICK! HE USED TO BE AGENT FOR THE INDIANS, AND NOW HE'S TURNED RENEGADE! DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH CALLING HIM NAMES... THERE'S NONE BAD ENOUGH FOR HIM!

WHY YOU DIRTY, NO



THIS'LL LEARN YOU TO SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF! MISTER! MEBBE YOU THINK I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU... WELL, YOU'RE WRONG, DUSTY! BALLEW, THE TIN HORN HERO, AN' HIS PARD, GUMPTION JONES! YOU AIN'T SUCH A HERO NOW, BALLEW... HOW COME?

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MCKETRICK... AN' MY HANDS WON'T BE TIED!



MCKETTRICK, YOU HAVE PROMISED ME THE SCALPS OF MANY PALEFACES! HERE ARE ONLY TWO..WHAT OF THE OTHERS?

I HAVE TOLD YOU, FLYING EAGLE! A GREAT WAGON TRAIN COMES! IT IS GUIDED BY MY MAN THOMPSON!

HE WILL LEAD IT INTO THE AMBUSH YOU HAVE PREPARED! THEN THERE WILL BE ALL THE SCALPS YOU DESIRE!



AN' AS FOR THESE TWO.. WOULD IT NOT BE GREAT FUN FOR YOU TO MAKE THEM RUN THE GAUNTLET?

YOU SPEAK WELL, MCKETTRICK! THEY WILL BE MADE TO RUN THE GAUNTLET! IT IS GOOD PRACTICE FOR MY WARRIORS!



WAAL, GUMPTION, WE'RE IN FOR A TIME NOW! HOW DO YOU FEEL, PARD?

I'VE FELT BETTER! THAR'S LOTS OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO THAN RUN THE GAUNTLET!



WATCH ME CLOSE, GUMPTION! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, WE'LL MAKE A BREAK! THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE THAT WE'LL GET OUT!

I'LL KEEP MY EYES GLUED TO YOU, OUSTY! AND WHATEVER YOU DO, I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!



THE DREADED GAUNTLET! CRUELEST PUNISHMENT OF THE INDIANS...



GUMPTION! FOLLOW ME!

I'M WITH YOU, DUSTY! YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!





MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLER,  
DUSTY AND GUMPTION GO INTO ACTION...

HERE! YOU WON'T HAVE  
ANY NEED FOR THAT  
CLUB!

ALWAYS KNEW I'D  
MAKE BETTER USE OF  
MY HEAD THAN JEST A  
PLACE TO KEEP MUH  
HAT!



SEIZE THEM!  
SEIZE THEM!

DON'T LET 'EM  
GET AWAY!



THEY WON'T GET  
FAR...I'LL...OWW!

BY THE HORNEO SPOON!  
THAT'S THROWIN' DUSTY!

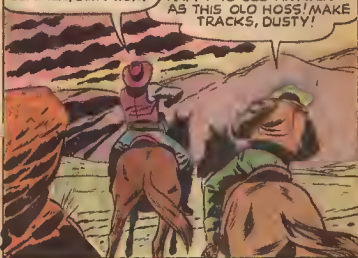
COME ON, GUMPTION...  
JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH  
CLOSED AN' YOUR  
LEGS CHURNIN'!



WITH A BURST OF SPEED, THE TWO MEN REACH  
THEIR HORSES...AND LEAP INTO THE SAOOLE...

WE MADE IT! BURN  
LEATHER, GUMPTION!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO  
HAPPY TO SEE ANYTHIN'  
AS THIS OLO HOSS! MAKE  
TRACKS, DUSTY!



AND THEN, THEY RECIEVE AIO FROM AN UNEX-  
PECTEO SOURCE...

AFTER 'EM, FLYING  
EAGLE! WHAT ARE  
YOU WAITING FOR?

NO! HOLO, MY BRAVES!  
WE WILL NOT PURSUE  
THEM!



THEY ARE BRAVE  
MEN! IT IS THE  
CUSTOM OF MY  
PEOPLE TO GIVE  
LIBERTY TO ANYONE  
WHO SURVIVES THE  
GAUNTLET... AND  
THESE TWO RICHLY  
OESERVE IT... WE  
WILL LET THEM  
GO IN PEACE!  
OO YOU UNDER-  
STANO MC-  
KETTRICK?



URGING THEIR STURDY MUSTANGS FORWARD TO THE  
UTMOST, DUSTY AND GUMPTION GALLOP ON TO SAFETY.

RECKON WE CAN  
SLOW UP A BIT,  
GUMPTION...THEY  
DON'T SEEM TO  
BE COMING  
AFTER US!

'COURSE NOT! DO YOU THINK  
THEY WANT TO TANGLE WITH  
ME AGAIN? RECKON THEY  
KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR  
'EM! WHY, I WAS JUST  
GETTIN' INTO THE SWING  
OF IT! I'M AT MUH BEST  
IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!



OUSTY! CON-  
SARN IT! DON'T  
YOU WANT TO  
HEAR THE END  
OF MUH YARN?

NOPE! NO TIME...I CAN GUESS  
IT ANYWAY! YOU PERSONALLY  
KILLED ALL THE INJUNS, AN'  
SAVED THE WAGONS! NOW,  
SHAKE OUST! THERE'S A  
REAL WAGON TRAIN TO  
BE SAVED!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

THERE IT IS,  
GUMPTION!

THAT'S A PURTY BIG  
TRAIN! RECKON  
THERE'S PLENTY OF WOMEN AN'  
CHILDREN IN IT! WAAL, I'M SURE  
GLAD WE'RE HERE IN TIME!

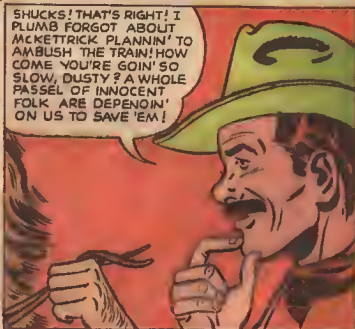


REMINDS ME OF THE TIME  
I WAS WITH A WAGON TRAIN  
GOIN' OVER THE ROCKIES  
THROUGH UTE PASS! I SEEN  
A WHOLE FLOCK OF PAWNEES  
LYN' IN AMBUSH...BUT THAT  
DIDN'T STOP ME NONE...  
WHY, I...

WAGON TRAIN!  
AMBUSH! THAT'S  
WHAT WE HAVE  
TO DO! SPUR  
YOUR HOSS,  
GUMPTION...WE  
HAVE TO COVER  
LOTS OF TERRITORY!



SHUCKS! THAT'S RIGHT! I  
PLUMB FORGOT ABOUT  
MCKETTRICK PLANNIN' TO  
AMBUSH THE TRAIN! HOW  
COME YOU'RE GOIN' SO  
SLOW, DUSTY? A WHOLE  
PASSEL OF INNOCENT  
FOLK ARE DEPENDIN'  
ON US TO SAVE 'EM!



WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR AN HOMBRE  
WHO CALLS HIMSELF THOMPSON!

I'M BEN THOMPSON!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR  
MIND?

WE HAVE  
A MESSAGE  
FROM YOUR  
PARD, MC-  
KETTICK!



YOU SKULKIN' COYOTE! YOU AN' MCKETTRICK ARE BOTH PLANNIN' TO AMBUSH THIS TRAIN, USING FLYIN' EAGLE'S WAR PARTY... YOU AN' HIM GET THE VALUABLES, AN' THE SIOUX GET THE SCALPS!

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

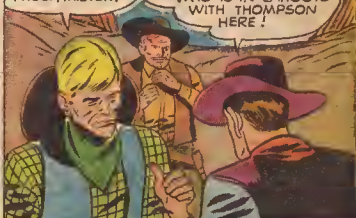
JUST A MINUTE, STRANGER... NOT SO FAST!

STANO STILL, OLD TIMER, NO TRICKS!



I'M TOO BURNS, LEADER OF THIS TRAIN! I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY SCOUT, THOMPSON! YOU'D BETTER HAVE PROOF, MISTER!

MUH HANOLE'S OUSTY BALLEW, AN' THAT'S GUMPTION JONES! WE WERE TAKEN BY THE SIOUX, AN' ESCAPEO! IN THEIR CAMP, WE CAME ACROSS A RENEGADE NAMED MCKETTRICK, WHO IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THOMPSON HERE!



IS THERE ANYTHING TO THIS THOMPSON?

OF COURSE NOT, MISTER BURNS! THESE GALOOTS ARE TALKING THROUGH THEIR HATS!



WHY YOU LYIN' WHELP... YOU'RE LURIN' THIS TRAIN TO ITS DEATH, AN' YOU KNOW IT! WHY, I'LL... OHHH...

ENOUGH OF THIS! GET THE WAGONS ROLLIN' AGAIN.. AND SECURE THESE TWO HOMBRES IN THE SUPPLY WAGON! WE'LL ATTEND TO THEM LATER!

OUSTY! OUSTY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, BURNS! HE'S THE BEST FRIEND YOU'LL EVER HAVE!



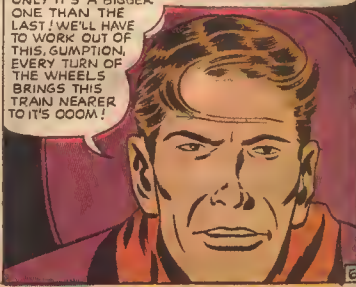
TIME PASSES, AND DUSTY, HIS HEAD THROBBING PAINFULLY, COMES TO, IN A JOLTING WAGON...

OH, MY ACHING HEAD!

SO, YOU'RE BACK FROM YOUR WOOL GATHERIN'! GOSH, OUSTY.. YOU SURE CHARGED IN LIKE A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP! NOW LOOK AT THE MESS WE'RE IN!



RECKON I BOTCHED THIS JOB... BUT I JEST COULDN'T HOLO MY TEMPER WITH THAT RAT-FACEO HOMBRE THOMPSON! I GUESS, I MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE... ONLY IT'S A BIGGER ONE THAN THE LAST! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT OF THIS, GUMPTION, EVERY TURN OF THE WHEELS BRINGS THIS TRAIN NEARER TO IT'S OOOM!





AND AS NIGHT FALLS...

SET THE FOOD  
DOWN, HERE,  
LINDA! I'LL  
HANDLE 'EM  
NOW!

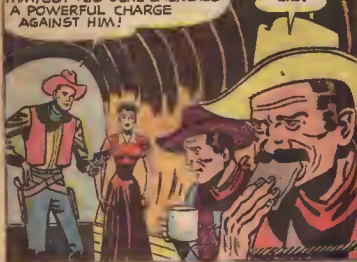
BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY,  
THEY MIGHT TRY  
SOMETHING! NEVER CAN TELL  
WITH MEN OF THIS SORT!

UMM... THAT  
GRUB SMELL  
POWERFUL  
GOOD!



YOU TWO CAUSED PLENTY OF  
STIR! LOTS OF FOLKS DON'T LIKE  
BEN THOMPSON MUCH! EVEN  
TOD BURNS SCARCELY TRUSTS  
HIM, BUT YOU SURE LAUNCHED  
A POWERFUL CHARGE  
AGAINST HIM!

IT'S TRUE, SON..  
EVERY WORD  
OF IT! DUSTY  
BALLEW DON'T  
LIE!



THERE! I TOLD  
YUH HE WAS  
A COYOTE!

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I  
BELIEVE YOU! NOW, WHAT'S  
TO BE DONE?

YAHOO! I KNEWED  
WE'D MAKE SOME-  
BODY SEE THE  
LIGHT!



NOW LISTEN YOU TWO...  
I'M GOIN' TO RELEASE ONE  
HAND ON EACH OF YOU,  
SO'S YOU CAN STOW AWAY  
SOME GRUB! DON'T TRY TO  
GET SMART.. I'M A MIGHTY  
HANDY MAN WITH  
THIS IRON!

MISTER, WE'RE SO  
HUNGRY THAT WE  
DON'T HAVE THE  
STRENGTH TO  
TRY ANYTHING..  
BESIDES.. WE'RE  
NOT GOIN' ANY-  
WHERE, EXCEPT  
WHERE THIS TRAIN  
LEADS!



WAIT! A MONTH AGO, A  
BIG TRAIN WAS ATTACKED  
BY SIOUX.. AN' COMPLETELY  
DESTROYED! BEN THOMPSON  
WAS SCOUT WITH THAT  
TRAIN!



RIGHT NOW, THEY MUST BE PLANNIN' TOMORROWS  
ROUTE! WE'RE PRETTY CLOSE TO THE SIOUX CAMP,  
AN' WILL REACH IT BY TOMORROW! YOU, JOHNNY,  
INSIST ON TAKIN' A DIFFERENT ROUTE THROUGH  
THE TERRITORY... AN' I'LL BET DOLLARS TO DOUGH  
NUTS, THAT BEN THOMPSON INSISTS ON KEEPIN'  
TO THE ROUTE HE'S LAID OUT! BECAUSE THE  
AMBUSH IS PREPARED ALONG IT!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! BUT NOW, I'M GOIN' TO TRUSS YUH UP AGAIN! I HAVE TO COVER MYSELF, TOO... JUST IN CASE YOU MIGHT NOT BE LEVEL-LIN' WITH ME! BY THE WAY, MY HANDLE'S JOHNNY HUMPHRIES!

THAT'S OKAY WITH US, BUT I JUST KNOW THAT YOU'LL BE BACK AN' SET US FREE! ONE MORE THING, JOHNNY.. IF THOMPSON INSISTS, AS I KNOW HE WILL, YOU SCOUT OUT THE TERRITORY.. AN' I'LL BET IT'S CRAWLING WITH INJUNS!

SOON, AT THE WAGON TRAIN LEADERS' MEETING...

NOW GENTS, WE'LL TAKE THE TRAIN THROUGH GOPHER PASS!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HAWK PASS? I'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT TERRITORY! IT'S BETTER COUNTRY, MORE WATER, AND EASIER TRAVELIN'!

HOW ABOUT THAT, BEN?



TARNATION! AM I GUIDIN' THIS PARTY... OR IS THIS YOUNG SQUIRT? I'M TRYIN' TO SAVE TIME... GOPHER PASS CUTS OFF THIRTY MILES..NOW, IF YOU CAN'T RELY ON MY JUDGEMENT... I QUIT, RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

GENTLE DOWN, BEN! WE AIN'T QUESTIONIN' YOUR JUDGEMENT! YOU BROUGHT US THIS FAR, AN' WE'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU THE REST OF THE WAY! GOPHER PASS IT IS!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JOHNNY?

ON A SCOUTING PARTY! MEET ME IN THE SUPPLY WAGON WHERE DUSTY AN' GUMPTION ARE TIED UP! I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!



JOHNNY.. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.. DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU! I LOVE YOU!

LINDA.. DARLIN'; LINDA!



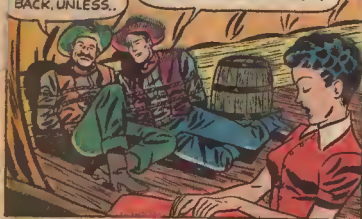
PLEASE COME BACK SAFELY JOHNNY... PLEASE COME BACK, MY DARLING.



SLOWLY, THE HOURS PASS, AND THE LONG NIGHT SUPS AWAY! TO THE MEN IN THE SUPPLY WAGON, EACH MINUTE IS ENDLESS... AND MERCIFUL SLEEP OVERCOMES THE WAITING GIRL...

MUST BE NEAR DAWN! JOHNNY SHOULD BE BACK, UNLESS...

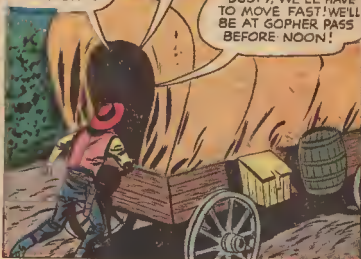
HE'S A RUGGED LAD... HE'LL COME THROUGH! LOOK AT HER, POOR GAL... SHE'S TUCKERED OUT!



THEN... KID, I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT! WHAT'S THE WORD?

GOPHER PASS IS ALIVE WITH SIOUX! HE'S LEADING US INTO A DEATH TRAP!

DUSTY, WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! WE'LL BE AT GOPHER PASS BEFORE NOON!



ALL RIGHT! GIT THIS RAWHIDE OFF OUR HANDS, JOHNNY, AND LISTEN.. I HAVE A PLAN! YOU, GUMPTION AN' ME ARE GOING TO UPSET THIS LITTLE APPLE CART! WE'LL MAKE THE INJUNS REVEAL THEMSELVES! THIS'LL WARN THE TRAIN.. YOU, LINDA, RIDE TO FORT REYNOLDS, AN' GET THE SOLDIERS! BRING 'EM STRAIGHT TO GOPHER PASS!



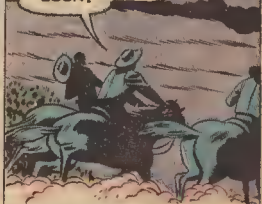
GOOD! I'LL GET YOUR HORSE AN' GUNS! START RIDIN' LINDA, THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!

YES, JOHNNY!



SOME MINUTES LATER, JOHNNY SECURES THE HORSES AND WEAPONS...

LINDA JUST RODE OUT! WE'D BETTER PUT GROUND BETWEEN US AN' THE WAGONS! THE WHOLE CAMP'LL BE STIRRIN' SOON!



RIDING HARD, THE MEN SOON REACH GOPHER PASS, AND..

OVER YONDER ARE THE SIOUX!

KEEP LOW! PICK YOUR TARGETS, AN' WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES INTO VIEW, OPEN FIRE! GIVE THE TRAIN PLENTY OF TIME TO GET SET FOR DEFENSE!

SHECKS, I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE THE BATTLE OF 'DOBE WELLS, GOT SIXTEEN OF THE VARMINTS MYSELF THAT DAY!



JOHNNY, I'D SAY THAT GUMPTION'S GIVEN TO EXAGGERATION! WOULDN'T YOU?

NOT EXACTLY... I RECKON HE JEST STRETCHES THE TRUTH A MITE.. THAT'S ALL!

WHY YOU... YOU...





MEANWHILE, WITH THE WAGON TRAIN...

TOD! THE PRISONERS ARE GONE!

WHAT? WHERE'S JOHNNY HUMPHRIES?



WAAL, WE CAN'T DO NOTHING ABOUT IT NOW! BUT SOMEDAY, MEBBE THEY'LL CROSS OUR PATH AGAIN! KEEP A SHARP EYE PEELED... WE'RE ALMOST AT GOPHER PASS, NOW!



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF GOPHER PASS...

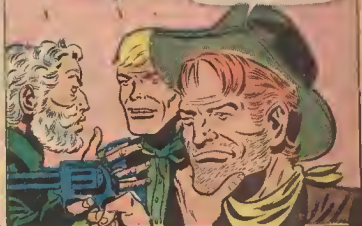
DID I KEEP MY WORD, FLYING EAGLE? THAR IT IS, AS LARGE AS LIFE ITSELF... THE BIGGEST WAGON TRAIN YOU EVER SAW! I TOLD YOU MY MAN THOMPSON WOULD DELIVER THEM TO YOUR DOORSTEP!

YES, MCKETTRICK... YOU SPOKE WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE, AND BY SUNDOWN, MANY SCALPS WILL ADORN THE TEE-PEES OF MY WARRIDRS!



HE'S GONE TOO, AN' SO HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE! WHAT DO YOU THINK, BEN?

I DONNO! I NEVER DID TRUST THAT JOHNNY HUMPHRIES! AS FOR BALLEW AN' JONES... WE SHOULD'VE STRUNG 'EM TO THE NEAREST TREE!



AND AS THE ANXIOUS TIME DRAGS ON, THE THREE MEN IN WHOSE HANDS RESTS THE FATE OF THE WAGON TRAIN WAIT FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THEY CAN STRIKE MOST EFFECTIVELY...

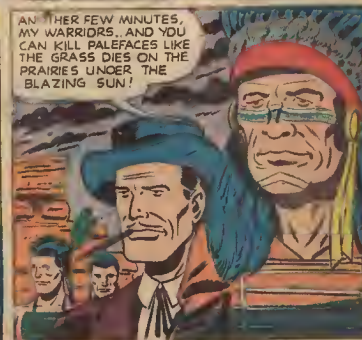
BETTER GET INTO POSITION, I SEE THE FIRST WAGONS NOW!

OKAY, GUMPTON! GDDO LUCK, ALL HANDS! REMEMBER, FIRE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

I SHOR HOPE THAT LINDA COMES BACK WITH THE SOLDIERS IN TIME!



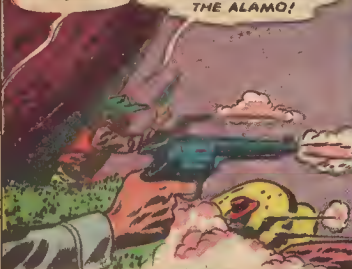
AN' THER FEW MINUTES, MY WARRIDRS, AND YOU CAN KILL PALEFACES LIKE THE GRASS DIES ON THE PRAIRIES UNOER THE BLAZING SUN!



FOR AN ETERNITY, THE TENSE FINGERS OF THE THREE MEN CURL AROUND THEIR TRIGGERS AND THEN...

NOW, FIRE!

YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



WITH COMPLETE SURPRISE, THE INDIANS ARE TAKEN BY THE COUNTER AMBUSH...

STAND FAST MY WARRIORS, STAND FAST! WHAT HAPPENED MCKETTRICK, IS THIS A TRAP?

NO! ON MY HONOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GONE WRONG!



THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS WARNS THE ONCOMING COLUMN...

HALT! THERE'S FIRING IN THE PASS AHEAD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BEN?

SOMETHIN'S GONE WRONG!

I DON'T KNOW! MEBBE I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



LOOK! THEY'RE FORMING A DEFENSE CIRCLE! LET'S GET BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN, NOW!

GOOD IDEA! I'M PLUMB OUT OF LEAD, AN' EVEN I CAN'T FIGHT WITH-OUT AMMUNITION!



AFTER A WILD CHASE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...

IT'S JOHNNY, DUSTY BALLEW AN' GUMPTION JONES!

INJUNS! HUH- OREDS OF 'EM! THEY HAD AN AMBUSH PLANNED IN THE PASS!



QUICKLY JOHNNY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO TOD.

DUSTY, HOW CAN I ASK YUH TO FORGIVE ME I'M REAL STUPID!

FORGET IT, TOD! THAT CAN HAPPEN TO ANYONE..BUT I SURE WISH YOU HADN'T LET THAT RAT, BEN THOMPSON SLIP OUT OF YOUR HANDS! I'D LIKE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!



I RECKON IT'S UP TO ME TO SETTLE WITH HIM, DUSTY! I TRUSTED HIM, AN' THE LIVES OF ALL THE FOLKS IN THIS TRAIN WERE IN HIS HAND! HE BETRAYED US, DUSTY.. AN' I KNOW NO CRIME WORSE'N TREASON! SO THAT'S WHY IT'S UP TO ME, DUSTY!



AND BACK IN THE AMBUSH...

I DONNO! SOME-BOOY OPENED FIRE ON US, JUST BEFORE WE WERE SET TO ATTACK ... IT WARNED THE TRAIN! NOW, WE HAVE A REAL BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!

WHAT HAPPENED, BEN?

FIRE ON US, JUST BEFORE WE WERE SET TO ATTACK ... IT WARNED THE TRAIN! NOW, WE HAVE A REAL BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!



OH, MY WARRIORS! THE TIME IS NOW! ASK FOR NO MERCY, AND GIVE NONE! FORWARD!



THIS IS FLYING EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX! HERE IS MY FRIEND, BEN THOMPSON!

THE TIME FOR WORDS IS PAST! MY WARRIORS THIRST FOR ACTION! WE WILL ATTACK THE WAGONS!



UTTERING THEIR BLOOD CHILLING WAR CRIES, THE SIOUX, BOLDEST FIGHTERS OF PLAINS, SWEEP DOWN ON THE WAGON TRAIN, TO BE MET BY THE DETERMINED RESISTANCE OF THE PIONEERS...





AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SIOUX CHARGE, FIRING VOLLEYS OF FLAMING ARROWS...

LOOK, DUSTY!  
THE AMMUNITION  
WAGON!

QUICK, GUMPTION..  
BEFORE IT EXPLODES!



WHAT DO YOU  
AIM TO DO, DUSTY?

GET THIS WAGON ROLLIN',  
PUSH HARD, GUMPTION...  
YOU'LL SEE!



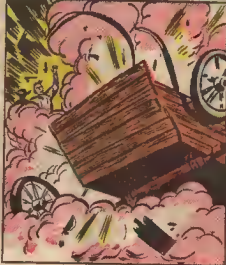
AS A GROUP OF INDIAN HORSE-  
MEN CHARGE FORWARD...

PUSH!

YAHOO! WHAT  
AN IDEA!



WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR,  
THE AMMUNITION WAGON EX-  
PLODES AMONG THE ON-  
RUSHING INDIANS...

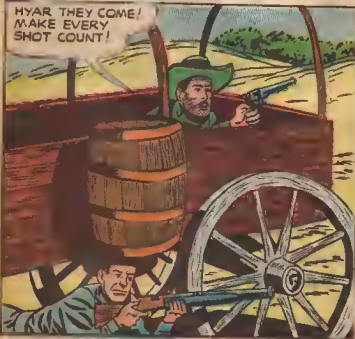


GOOD WORK, MEN! BUT THAT AM-  
MUNITION WAGON GOING UP  
LEAVES US IN A BAD SPOT! ALL  
THE BULLETS WE HAVE ARE IN  
OUR BELTS!

I RECKON THE  
INJUNS KNOW IT, TOO!  
THEY'LL BE REFORMIN'  
FOR ANOTHER CHARGE!



HYAR THEY COME!  
MAKE EVERY  
SHOT COUNT!



HERE'S OUR BIG CHANCE,  
FLYING EAGLE! THOMPSON  
TELLS ME THAT WAS  
THEIR AMMUNITION  
WAGON!

GOOD! NOW WE  
WILL DESTROY  
THEM!



SAVE YOUR BULLETS  
UNTIL THE LAST  
MOMENT, MEN!

AN' WHEN YOUR  
BULLETS ARE GONE..  
FIGHT 'EM TOOTH  
AN' NAIL!



BUT EVEN AS THE INDIANS SURGE FORWARD  
IN THE FINAL ATTACK, A TREMENDOUS VOLLEY  
SWEEPS THEM FROM THEIR HORSES ...AND...

SOLDIERS! WE HAVE BEEN  
BETRAYED!

NO...  
FLYING  
EAGLE!



DIE, PALEFACE  
DOGS! YOU HAVE  
TRICKED ME!

DON'T LET ANY OF 'EM  
GET AWAY! ROUND 'EM  
UP!



IF I HAVE TO GO..  
I'M TAKIN' YOU  
WITH ME, FLYING  
EAGLE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES MY  
WARRIORS... RUN FOR YO...  
AAAAH!



LATER ..AFTER THE BATTLE, WHEN  
THE TROOPS HAVE SCATTERED  
THE REMNANTS OF THE SIOUX  
WARRIORS ...

WAAL, IT'S ALL  
OVER, BOYS..  
AN' THANKS TO  
YOU WE'VE  
COME OUT  
ON TOP!

THERE'S JOHNNY,  
AN' LINDA, TO  
THANK ALSO,  
TOD...EVEN  
FLYIN' EAGLE  
FOR DOIN' AWAY  
WITH THOMPSON  
AN' MCKETTRICK!

TWASN'T A BAD  
SCRAP! COME RIGHT  
UP TO THE BEST I'VE  
HAD IN MY DAY!



DUSTY, WHY DON'T YOU AN'  
GUMPTION STAY ON THE TRAIN?  
WE'LL BE GOIN' ALL THE WAY  
TO CALIFORNIA!

PLEASE,  
DUSTY, STAY  
WITH US!



SORRY, FOLKS! WE  
DONE WHAT WE HAD  
TO...BUT THERE'S A  
LOT OF THINGS LEFT.  
SO ME AN' GUMPTION  
WILL JEST MOSEY  
ALONG...YOU'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT FROM  
HERE ON OUT!

YEP! WE  
KIND OF  
FIGURED  
THAT MEB-  
BE THERE'S  
OTHER  
FOLKS THAT  
NEED OUR  
HELP!



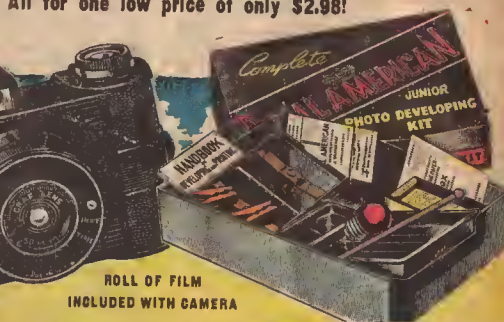
# Scoop!



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All for one low price of only \$2.98!

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# UNBRIDLED FURY

*Old Jim's reign as sheriff was over . . . until  
He trapped the killer no one dared to oppose!*

**O**LD Sheriff Jim Cumby had his hands full. Not only was the younger element in Brewster County getting out of hand, but the oldsters, instead of putting the blame on their own shoulders for having such wild descendants, were gathering in little knots on the street corners and talking about electing a younger, more up-to-date sheriff to go with the times!



But that wasn't all. Old Jim was having troubles at home, too. Just that morning at breakfast, he found his pretty redheaded niece, Gail, in tears as she implored him to arrest Bud Lassister before he killed her fiancé, Dick Morrow.

Gail was the apple of Old Jim's eye and he always found it tough to refuse her anything, but this morning he had to say, "Look, Honey, I can't just go out and throw Bud Lassister in jail on mere hearsay. The law won't let me."

Gail threw down her napkin in a fury. "What more proof do you need, Uncle Jim? Bud was courting me at the same time that Dick was. And when Dick won out, fair and square, Bud said he'd get even if it was his last act on earth. And he will, too. He'll find some pretext for shooting Dick down in cold blood and get off scot free, just like he did with Sam Letter."

Sheriff Cumby scratched his bald head. The unsolved murder of Sam Letter was one of the things that hurt his record and his pride. There was no question but what there was bad blood between Letter and Bud Lassister over the sale of some cattle. But the killing occurred on the streets of Brewster at night and there were three men, cronies of Bud's who swore that Bud never even drew his gun from his holster. Nobody could be found who saw Bud draw his gun. So the case never even came to trial.

Gail must have seen how her thrust about Sam Letter hurt old Jim, for her face softened and she got up and put her arm about his shoulder. "Uncle Jim, I didn't mean any reflection on you about the murder of Sam Letter, but Bud had threatened him, you know that, and surely you should do something before it is too late. Please, please, Uncle Jim. I love Dick Morrow with all my heart, and we're going to be married soon. Please."

Sheriff Cumby squirmed nervously in his chair. "See here, Gail," he said. "Have you talked with Dick Morrow about this? Does he want me to try

to have Bud Lassister put under a peace bond?"

"Why, of course I haven't talked to Dick," she exclaimed. "You know how men are. He wouldn't want people to think he was afraid."

Sheriff Cumby heaved a big sigh of relief and smiled. "Well, now, there you are. Unless Dick Morrow, himself, will swear that he thinks his life is in danger from Bud Lassister, the law wouldn't let me put him under a bond to keep the peace. It says plain as day that . . ."

But Gail was in no mood for technicalities. With her hands on her hips, she faced her uncle with flashing eyes. "The law, the law! You men! What do you care if there's a killing and some woman gets her heart broken forever? Well, I care. And I much prefer a live husband to a dead hero any day!"



Sheriff Cumby muttered something about seeing what he could do. And he was glad to leave for his office. As he drove his horse and buggy to town, he set to thinking. The easiest way out was to resign before he got kicked out at the election which was to be held the first Tuesday of next month. The way people talked about his being outmoded, he knew he didn't have a chance of beating young Fred Neeley, who had never even been a deputy, but who understood how to get votes. Still, Sheriff Cumby knew he needed the income from the sheriff's office to help support Gail and his aged sister. And then there was the thought of Gail's fearful unhappiness tugging at his heart. He heaved another big sigh.

The Double Bar X Ranch that belonged to Bud Lassister and his father was a big spread that lay about two miles off the main highway to town. Sheriff Cumby decided to have a talk with Bud Lassister.

Bud and his father, a tough, hard-bitten man, were both on horseback about a mile from their ranch house supervising repairs on their barbed wire fence.

"Whoa! Howdy folks?" said Sheriff Cumby, pulling his fat brown mare to a halt.

Bud and his father moved their horses closer to the wire that separated them from the sheriff and eyed him curiously with a glint in their eyes.

"Just thought I'd drive by and see how you folks were making out," went on the Sheriff. "Grass looks good this year and your cattle fat andassy."

Bud Lassister's father never minced words. "Get to the point, Sheriff, what's on your mind?"

"Well, it's a little family trouble I'm having with my niece. I don't hold she's right in the choice she made between Bud and Dick Morrow, but she's sick with fear that there's going to be trouble between you two, Bud. Says you threatened to get Dick, whatever that means."

Bud's handsome blond face was spoiled a little by thin tight lips, and the cruel smile that parted them now was not a pleasant thing to see. "You can tell Gail for me, Sheriff, that a woman makes a big mistake when she chooses a man that's not man enough to protect her and himself."

"Aw, now, I wouldn't say that," said Sheriff Cumby.

"Well, I would," said Bud, his thin lips in a straight line again, "but you can also tell Gail that I'm a good sport and a good loser and that if Dick Morrow keeps out of my way, I'll keep out of his."

The sheriff would have liked a little more friendly message to take to Gail, but at this point the conversation with Bud was interrupted by a whirring sound of prairie castanets. Bud's horse gave a sharp snort and reared high on his hind legs, nostrils dilated with fear. The next instant, however, three shots rang out in quick succession and the head of a coiled rattler that had resented the nearness of Bud's horse, became a bloody, tangled mass.

The sheriff's mouth came upon and he stared with frank admiration on the quick, deadly skill of Bud's gun-hand.

"Nice shooting, Bud," said Sheriff Cumby.

"Yeah," said Bud's father. "We Lassisters never miss. Come on, Bud, we got work to do."

He turned his horse and rode away, followed by Bud.

On the way to his office, the Sheriff had mixed emotions. It warmed him to think that he had reassuring news from Bud to Gail and yet he felt uneasy when he thought of what might happen to any man who tried to shoot it out with Bud Lassister. For never in all his life had he seen anything quite as quick as the lightning draw of Bud's gun hand. It seemed as if Bud hadn't even made a draw at all!

But Gail's joy at her uncle's message from Bud was destined to be short-lived. For less than ten days later, she and Dick went to a picnic dance. It was at night and the dance floor was in a clearing in the woods. She had been happy all evening in Dick Morrow's arms. Bud had not even appeared on the dance floor, although toward the spank of the

evening she glimpsed him and his gang of friends, hanging about in the shadow of the trees.

It was just before the last dance, when Dick excused himself for a moment and stepped off the dance floor. The next thing she heard was loud voices, which she recognized as belonging to Bud and Dick, then two shots in quick succession. A few moments later, Dick's body was brought to the light of the dance floor by his friends. But not one of Dick's friends could swear that Bud Lassister had even drawn his gun! There had been a quarrel, which Bud had picked, but the place was dark and the actual killer of Dick Morrow escaped unidentified. Was it Bud or one of his friends? There were no witnesses and not much comment.

Sheriff Cumby lost no time getting on the case, but it didn't do much good. Nobody had seen Bud Lassister draw his gun much less shoot it. Neither did the sheriff's political opponents lose any time making capital out of the old sheriff's fruitless efforts to find the killer of popular Dick Morrow. Folks said four days before election that Ford Neeley was as good as elected.

Sheriff Cumby felt old and worn out despite the fact that neither Ford Neeley nor anybody else could suggest any clue that might lead to the murderer. He sat late in his office ashamed to go home and face his heartbroken niece, Gail. To comfort himself, he warmed his self-esteem over the memories of the past. Then, suddenly, he sat straight up in his swivel chair. By Jupiter, why hadn't he thought of that before. The Half-Breed Holster, of course! That was how Bud Lassister could kill a man and yet get his friends or bystanders to swear they never even saw him draw his gun.

Sheriff Cumby squared his shoulders and stuck out his chin. In a short while he formed a posse of Dick Morrow's friends, told them what he believed, and two nights before election led his posse out to the Double Bar X Ranch and placed Bud Lassister under arrest. Then he searched the place and came up with the proof he was seeking—a Half-Breed Holster, like in the good old days! A holster in which the gun barrel protruded so that a man could shoot from the hip, as the holster, fastened with one big rivet to his gun belt, swung up and down at will.

"No wonder, Bud Lassister, nobody ever saw you draw your gun to kill. You didn't have to. Your holster was open at the bottom with the gun barrel sticking through. You killed Dick Morrow, just as you killed Sam Letter and that rattlesnake!"



Sheriff Cumby is still sheriff of Brewster County, because the voters felt that nobody but an old timer would have ever thought of the Half-Breed Holster to hang Bud Lassister.

# HERE IT IS!

## ROMANCE WITH ALL THE FURY OF A ROARING SIX-GUN!...

LOVE IN THE WIDE  
OPEN SPACES WHERE  
THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE  
SKY... RUGGED MEN AND  
UNTAMED WOMEN WITH  
LOVE IN THEIR HEARTS  
AND GUNS ON THEIR HIPs...

THRILL TO THEIR REAL STORIES, IN

Real WEST  
ROMANCES

# Real WEST ROMANCES



52 PAGES OF  
REAL LIFE COMICS

### HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT THE NEW SWEETHEART OF COMICS?...

## WOW! WHAT A

ON SALE AT  
YOUR FAVORITE  
NEWSSTAND

52 PAGES  
OF REAL  
ENTERTAINMENT!



She's that  
gorgeous  
amazon of  
the ozarks--  
a super-  
duper athlete  
whose skills  
will astound  
you...

You can't  
help loving  
BABE--you  
can't stop  
LAUGHING  
at mammy  
and pappy  
and BABE!



# BLACK BULL BULLDOGS A BANDIT



WHEN RAKESHELL CRIME BLAZES IN THE OLD WEST BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF EASY-GOING DALE DARCY, HIS FAITHFUL BULLDOG, 'GRIPPER,' GRABS A CLUE OR TWO UNTIL THE BLACK BULL CAN HIT THE TRAIL AND BRING THE GUNSMOKED OUT-LAWS TO HANGROPE JUSTICE.

EGBERT, THE DARCY ENGLISH BUTLER, MEETS DALE AT THE GULCH CITY DEPOT.

HOWDY, EGBERT, TERRIBLE, MR. DALE, HOW'S EVERY-  
THING? YOUR FATHER  
IS VERY ANGRY  
THAT YOU STAYED  
AWAY SO LONG.

HOLD MY BAG, EGBERT,  
WHILE I INTRODUCE  
YOU TO MY NEW  
FRIEND, GRIPPER.

MY WORD!  
YOU KNOW  
YOUR FATHER  
REFUSES TO  
HAVE A DOG  
ON THE  
RANCH.

AT THE TRIPLE X RANCH...

WE'LL HIDE GRIPPER  
IN YOUR COAT AND  
SMUGGLE HIM INTO  
YOUR ROOM BEFORE  
MY FATHER SEES  
HIM.

MY ROOM,  
SIR? WHAT  
IF THE  
BRUTE  
SHOULD  
BARK?



DON'T WORRY EGBERT. IF  
HE BARKS  
SIT ON  
HIM.

SIT ON HIM?  
MY WORD!



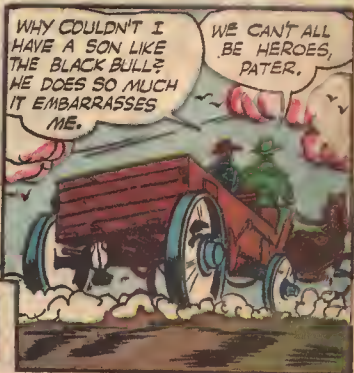
YOUR FATHER WISHES  
YOU TO DRIVE HIM  
TO TOWN, SIR,  
AT ONCE.

KEEP GRIPPER  
IN YOUR ROOM



WHY COULDN'T I  
HAVE A SON LIKE  
THE BLACK BULL?  
HE DOES SO MUCH  
IT EMBARRASSES  
ME.

WE CAN'T ALL  
BE HEROES,  
PATER.



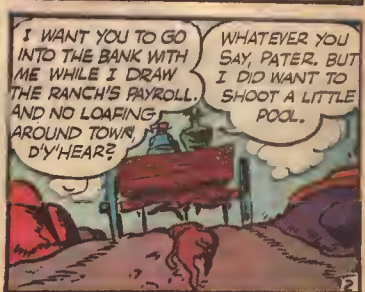
UNSEEN BY DALE AND HIS FATHER, GRIPPER  
TRAILS THEM TO GULCH CITY.

YOU STUBBORN HOUND!!  
COME BACK HERE  
INSTANTLY!!



I WANT YOU TO GO  
INTO THE BANK WITH  
ME WHILE I DRAW  
THE RANCH'S PAYROLL.  
AND NO LOAFING  
AROUND TOWN,  
D'Y'HEAR?

WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, PATER. BUT  
I DID WANT TO  
SHOOT A LITTLE  
POOL.



BUT MASKED BANDITS HAVE  
CLEANED OUT THE BANK.



GRIPPER BRINGS DALE A PIECE  
OF THE BANDIT'S PANTS LEG.

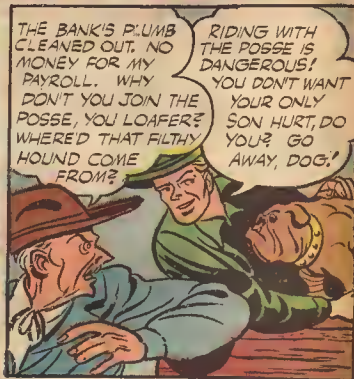
THANKS, GRIPPER!  
THIS IS A PRETTY  
GOOD CLUE!

MEN, I GOT  
TO HAVE A  
POSSE TO  
HUNT THEM BAN-  
DITS!



THE BANK'S PLUMB  
CLEANED OUT. NO  
MONEY FOR MY  
PAYROLL. WHY  
DON'T YOU JOIN THE  
POSSE, YOU LOAFER?  
WHERE'D THAT FILTHY  
HOUND COME  
FROM?

RIDING WITH  
THE POSSE IS  
DANGEROUS!  
YOU DON'T WANT  
YOUR ONLY  
SON HURT, DO  
YOU? GO  
AWAY, DOG!



BACK AT THE TRIPLE X RANCH...

I'M GLAD I BROUGHT  
MY BLACK BULL  
DISGUISE WITH  
ME.



WHY, JUST TELL MY  
FATHER I'M ASLEEP.  
AND BE SURE YOU  
HOLD GRIPPER THIS  
TIME, EGBERT.

VERY GOOD, SIR,  
AND I HOPE  
YOU APPREHEND  
THE BANDITS,  
MR. DALE.





THE BANK BANDITS CACHE THE STOLEN MONEY IN THEIR CAVE HIDEOUT.

THAT LAZY SHERIFF'LL NEVER TAKE THIS ROUGH TRAIL!

NAW! AND HE'D NEVER GUESS WERE GOING TO HOLD UP ANOTHER TRAIN--AND NO MISTAKES THIS TIME!



GEE, MATT YOU'RE SMART TO HAVE AN EXTRY PAIR OF PANTS. YOU THINK OFF EVERYTHING!

LIKE I TOLD YOU, PARD.. Y'GOTTA USE YOUR HEAD IN THIS BUSINESS.



PUT 'EM UP!! IF YOU FELLOWS EVER USED YOUR HEADS YOU'D NEVER HAVE BEEN BANDITS!

BLACK BULL!! WHERED YOU COME FROM??



NEVER MIND WHERE I CAME FROM...YOU'RE GOING TO MEET THE SHERIFF'S POSSE!.



THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE FIND A COLD TRAIL!

I NEVER SEEN THE BEAT OF IT! THOSE BANDITS JEST CLEAN DISAPPEARED!

YEAH--AND IT'S GETTIN' LATE. MIGHT AS WELL TURN BACK, I RECKON.



YOU MIND, SHERIFF TAKING CHARGE OF THESE TWO ORNERY HOMBRES? I HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE AIMIN' TO ROB THE TRAIN AGAIN. I'LL LOOK INTO IT!

WELL, I SWAN! THE BLACK BULL'S DONE IT AGAIN!



MEANWHILE ABOARD THE TRAIN...

OKAY, FOLKS, THIS IS A STICK-UP. JUST PUT ALL YOUR MONEY AND VALUABLES IN THIS HAT AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT.



YOU'LL WAKE UP IN A COZY JAIL CELL, BANDIT!

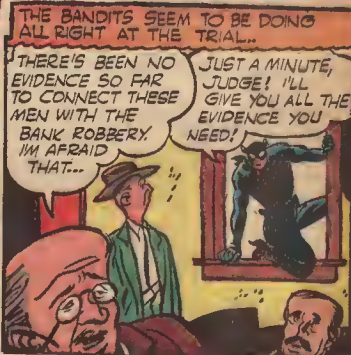


YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!

THE BANDITS SEEM TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT AT THE TRIAL...

THERE'S BEEN NO EVIDENCE SO FAR TO CONNECT THESE MEN WITH THE BANK ROBBERY. I'M AFRAID THAT...

JUST A MINUTE, JUDGE! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED!



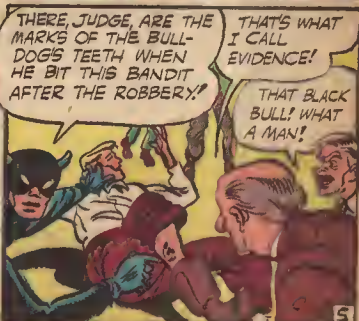
REALIZING THE JIG IS UP, THE BANDITS TRY TO FLEE, BUT THE BLACK BULL IS TOO FAST FOR THEM!



THERE, JUDGE, ARE THE MARKS OF THE BULL-DOG'S TEETH WHEN HE BIT THIS BANDIT AFTER THE ROBBERY!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL EVIDENCE!

THAT BLACK BULL! WHAT A MAN!



## HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

# REDUCE

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and **RESTO** your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!



**Your Appearance!  
Look and Feel Like  
Sixteen Again!**

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold-in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable, girdle I ever had.

### More Up-Lift and Hold-In Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daintily feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted - always comfortable!

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Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

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Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98



## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

**FREE** New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

## SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 25  
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style check.

- ☐ Regular. ☐ Panty.  
☐ C.O.D. I will pay postage, plus handling.  
☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage, plus handling.  
CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26). ☐ Med. (27-28).  
☐ Lg. (29-30). ☐ XL (31-32). ☐ XXL (34-36).  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

## SENT ON APPROVAL!



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.



STOP SQUIRMING, YOU MAL HOMBRE, AND I WEEL SAVE YOU FROM THE DEATH YOU REALLY DESERVE!

# THE LAZO KID

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE OUR GAY VAQUERO, THE LAZO KID, AND HIS SIDE-KICK, YOUNG PEDRO, RESCUE INNOCENT MEN FROM A PHONY HOOSEGOW, BUT AN OUTRAGED FATHER'S VENGEANCE PLUNGES THE FAKE JAILER TO THE BLOODTHIRSTY TUSKS OF...

## WILD HOGS on the BORDER!

HELP, HELP...  
SAVE ME, LAZO,  
SAVE ME!

NO, LAZO, NOT IF MY  
SHOOTIN' EYE CAN BULLET-  
SNIFE THAT ROPE!

RIDING ALONG ON THE TEXAS SIDE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER, THE LAZO KID AND PEDRO NOTE A STRANGE SIGHT NEAR A JAIL COMPOUND...

♪ OH, ZEE TEXAS MOON, SHE SHINES TONIGHT  
ON ZEE RIO GRANDE AND MY LOVE, ♪  
♪ SHE SEES ZEE MOON AND THEENKS  
OF ME...

LOOK QUEEK,  
LAZO, ZEE-MOON WILL NOT  
SHINE SOME MORE BECAUSE  
ZEE EARTH, SHE IS COMING  
TO AN' END...

OKAY, TIM, WE'VE MADE IT. WE'VE DUG  
OURSELVES OUT OF THAT HOLE  
OF A JAIL. HURRY.

YOU BET, DAD... AND JUST  
WAIT UNTIL THE SHERIFF  
HEARS ABOUT THE  
TREATMENT THAT PHONY  
JAILER GAVE US.



I HOPE NOBODY LET OUR WILD HOGS OUT OF THE CORRAL WHILE WE WERE IN PRISON!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, BOY!

NOT SO FAST MY JAIL-BIRD FRANS! TO COME OUT OF ZEE EARTH LIKE PRAIRIE DOG LOOK LIKE JAIL-BREAK TO ME!

HEY, WHAT IS THIS, DAD?

WHAT THE?

BUT I TELL YOU, MEX, YORE MAKIN' A MIGHTY BIG MISTAKE! I'M HONEST AND SO IS MY BOY, TIM!

YEAH, IT'S THAT FAKE JAILER, THAT'S CROCKED!

SORREE, SENORS, BUT YOU WEEEL HAVE TO CONVINCE ZEE SHERIFF!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

YOU DIDN'T KNOW THESE MEN, LAZO, SO YOU DID THE RIGHT THING TO BRING THEM IN, BUT THEY'RE GOOD CITIZENS!

SO SORREE, SENORS, I MAKE SUCH BEEG MISTAKE!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

SO YOU SEE, SHERIFF, THIS MAL HOMBRE, LORT MOLAR, IS HOLDING THE REAL JAILER AND HIS DAUGHTER PRISONERS, WHILE HE THROWS INTO THE HOOSEGAW ANYBODY THAT OPPOSES HIM!

YEAH, JUST BECAUSE WE WOULDN'T LET HIM HAVE OUR HOG CORRAL FOR HIS CATTLE, HE THREW DAD AND ME INTO THE CLINK!

YOU BOYS BETTER COME IN TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES...WHAT'S THIS HOMBRE LORD MOLAR DOING IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS?

HE'S SMUGGLING THEM ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE FROM MEXICO! KEEPS THEM ON A LITTLE ISLAND RIGHT ACROSS FROM HOG CORRAL!

I'M SWEARING YOU IN AS MY POSSE! THE REAL JAILER OUT THERE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, DON'T WANT TO GIVE HIM ANY MORE UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY THAN POSSIBLE FOR HAVING LOST HIS JAIL!

TIM AND I ARE RARING TO GO, SHERIFF! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TRICK THAT HOMBRE MOLAR! HE'S GOT ENOUGH AMMUNITION TO STAND A SIEGE!

I THEENK I KNOW A WAY TO FOOL THIS SENOR MALAR, SHERIFF!

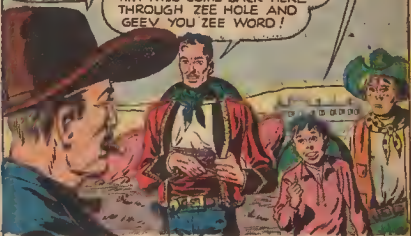
A FEW HOURS LATER, THE LAZO KID AND THE SHERIFF'S POSSE ARRIVE AT THE HOLE THROUGH WHICH WALT AND TIM ESCAPED...



BUT LAZO, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY ROPE THAT JAILER, LORT MOLAR, THROUGH THE BARS OF YOUR CELL?

SI, SENOR SHERIFF, THE LAZO KID CAN ROPE THROUGH A KEYHOLE IF HEES ROPE ESS THIN ENOUGH!

AND WHEN I HAVE ROPED THEES JAILER, MOLAR, THEN TIM WILL COME BACK HERE THROUGH ZEE HOLE AND GEEV YOU ZEE WORD!



AIOS, SENORES... SEE YOU SOON, I HOPE!



IF THE LAZO KID CAN CARRY OUT THIS PLAN, IT BEATS ANYTHING I EVER HEARD OF!

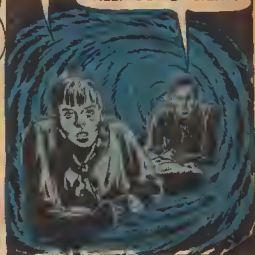
YOU SAID IT, SHERIFF! BEATS A SIX-GUN... MUCH LESS DANGER! I HOPE MY BOY TIM DOESN'T GET HURT, THOUGH!

DO NOT WORREE, SENOR! WITH LAZO, I AM ALWAYS SAFE!



WE ARE NEARLY THERE NOW, LAZO!

GOOD BOY, TIM... WHEN WE GET THERE, YOU MUST LET ME GO IN ZEE CELL... YOU MUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



SLOWLY AND QUIETLY LAZO RAISES THE STONE BLOCK THROUGH WHICH TIM AND HIS FATHER ESCAPED...



HEY, JAILER, O-O-OH! COME QUEEK, I AM SO SEEK... PLEASE..QUEEK!





STOP MAKING ALL THAT NOISE, YOU MEX! WHATTA YOU WANT? SHIC!



PLEASE, SENOR MOLAR, A OREENK OF WHISKEY FOR THE GREAT ANGUISH I HAVE IN MY STOMACH... -O-O-OH!



SAY YOU GOTTA A RAWHIDE NERVE YOU MEX, ASKING FOR MY EXPENSIVE WHISKEY! NOTHING GOIN' AND NEXT TIME DON'T EAT SO MUCH!



COME BACK, SENOR, PLEASE!

WHAT THE? HELP, HELP!

NOW, SENOR, YOU ARE MY PRISONER, IS NO?



PARDON, SENOR MOLAR, BUT I THEENK I MAKE BETTER USE OF THEES KEYS THAN YOU!

WHY, YOU DIRTY CUSS, I'LL HAVE YOU HANGED FOR RESISTING THE LAW!



OH, BOY, IS THAT LAZO KID A SLICK HOMBRE! I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE IF I HAON'T SEEN IT... I'D BETTER CRAWL BACK NOW AND TELL DAD AND THE SHERIFF!



LAZO DID IT, DAD! THE JAILER WAS DRUNK AND LAZO ROPEO HIM LIKE A WALL-EYED STEER... GOT HIM TIED UP AND TOOK HIS KEYS!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

NOW WE CAN GO RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR WITHOUT ANY GUNSMOKE!



JUST WAIT UNTIL MY PRIVATE ARMY GETS HERE FROM ACROSS THE BORDER! THEY'RE OUE ANY MINUTE NOW!

TAKE IT EASY, SENOR, WHILE I TURN LOOSE WITH THEES KEYS THE MEN YOU HAVE MADE INTO SLAVES... AS FOR ARMIES, THEES IS AMERICA WHERE PRIVATE ARMIES ARE AGAINST THE LAW, IS NO?



THE LAZO KID LIBERATES LEN PARLEY, THE REAL JAILER, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, NORETTA...

GRACIAS, SENOR, MY FATHER IS SO ASHAMED THAT HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS JAIL... PLEASE KEEP OUR SECRET!

YOUR SECRET ESS SAFE WITH ME, SENORITA... BUT YOUR FATHER DO WRONG, SO EES CAUSE FOR SHAME!



WELL, WELL, LAZO, I MUST TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU! I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU FOR A DEPUTY!

IS HE NOT A MOST WONDERFUL MAN?

ROPING A MAL HOMBRE THROUGH THE BARS OF A JAIL CELL, HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO IT?

IT IS JUST A LEELE TWEEST OF THE WREEST, SENORES!



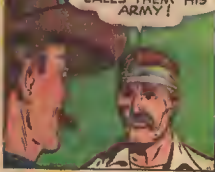
AS FOR YOU, FRIEND PARLEY, DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, IT HAPPENED TO ME ONCE!

THANK YOU, SHERIFF. BUT WHAT WORRIES ME MOST IS THAT THIS FAKER, MOLAR, TURNED LOOSE FIFTEEN DESPERATE CRIMINALS I HAD LOCKED UP HERE FOR CATTLE STEALING! CALLS THEM HIS ARMY!

SO, I'LL JUST TAKE THIS ONERY LOBO OVER TO MY JAIL IN EAGLE PASS FOR SAFE KEEPING... HE'S WANTED THERE FOR CATTLE RUSTLING ANYHOW!

IT'S A LIE, SHERIFF! I ONLY BRING CATTLE FROM MEXICO INTO TEXAS! AND MY MEN WILL RESCUE ME FROM ANY JAIL!

THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE AND BE CAREFUL, SHERIFF! THIS MAL HOMBRE AND HIS MEN ARE DANGEROUS!



I'VE JUST GOT TO KISS YOU GOODBYE, LAZO!

HEY, SENORITA, DON'T FORGET THAT LAZO AND ME ARE PARTNERS! WE SHARE FEEFY-FEEFY IN EVERYTHING!

WHY, CERTAINLY, YOU CUTE LITTLE BOY, YOU!

AW SLUSH! LET'S GET GOIN'!

MOLAR'S PARTNER, CAMINO, AND THEIR BAND OF CATTLE THIEVES LOOK DOWN ON MOLAR BEING TAKEN TO JAIL...

SACRAMENTA! LOOK DOWN THERE, HOMBRES! WE HAVE COME BACK JUST IN TIME TO RESCUE THE BOSS!

YEAH, CAMINO, AND IT'LL BE EASY! WE OUTNUMBER THEM THREE TO ONE!



OUTNUMBERED, THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE  
FIGHT A REAR GUARD ACTION WITH THE  
BANDITS...

OW!  
THEY GOT ME IN THE  
ARM... BETTER  
SCATTER MEN  
AND MEET AT  
MY OFFICE LATER!

HURRY PEDRO, OR  
THE BANDIT!  
WILL GET YOUR  
GOAT!



MORE BAD LUCK  
LAZO, I JUST LOST  
MY PRISONER, I  
THEENK!



HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE BANDITS,  
LAZO AND HIS FRIENDS MEET  
LATER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

NOW HERE'S THE  
PLAN, MEN. WALT,  
YOU AND YOUR  
SON GO ON OUT  
TO YOUR HOG  
RANCH.. LAZO,  
YOU PROTECT  
THEM AS  
BEST YOU  
CAN UNTIL I GET  
THERE WITH A  
BIG POSSE!

MAKE IT QUICK  
AS YOU CAN,  
SHERIFF 'CAUSE  
I'M SURE THEM  
HOMBRES ARE  
GOIN' TO TRY TO  
GET MY HOG  
CORRAL FOR  
THEIR SMUGGLED  
CATTLE TONIGHT!



WELL, MOLAR,  
WE RESCUED  
YOU JUST IN  
TIME TO GET  
OUR CATTLE  
ACROSS!

YOU BET, AND  
TONIGHT WE  
TAKE THAT HOG  
CORRAL AWAY  
FROM KELSEY!

THIS IS YOUR LAST  
CHANCE, KELSEY!  
LET THEM RAZOR  
BACKS OUT OF  
OUR CORRAL  
AND LET MY  
COWS IN OR  
TAKE THE  
CONSEQUENCES!

LOOK, MOLAR! MY  
BOY TIM AND  
ME WORKED  
LIKE DOGS POP-  
PIN! THEM HOGS  
OUT OF THE BRUSH..  
AND THE ONLY  
WAY YOU'RE A-  
GOIN' TO SCATTER  
'EM AGAIN IS OVER  
MY DEAD BODY!

OKAY,  
KELSEY,  
YOU ASKED  
FOR IT!

THAT'LL LEARN YOU  
NOT TO SASS  
YORE BETTERS,  
KELSEY!



YORE NOT DRY  
BEHIND THE EARS  
YET, KID. GET IN  
THERE AND SHOO  
THEM HOGS OUT!  
GIVE ME A  
HAND, CAMINO!

NO, NO, MR.  
MOLAR! DON'T  
SHOVE ME  
INTO THAT  
CORRAL...  
THOSE WILD  
HOGS WILL  
TUSK ME TO  
DEATH!

HAW! YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
OPEN THE GATE IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO, KID... CAMINO AND  
I WILL PITCH YOU OVER  
THE FENCE! HAW! HAW!

HELP, HELP,  
HELP!



HA, HA, HA! THIS IS REAL COMICAL,  
MOLAR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU  
WAS A COMEDIAN!





SERVES THE KID RIGHT FOR BEING  
SKEERED TO DEATH! TAIN'T NO  
DANGER IN RUNNING THEM HOGS  
OUT OF THAT  
CORRAL..WATCH!

CAREFUL, MOLAR,  
THEM RAZOR-  
BACKS IS MIGHTY  
BLOOD THIRSTY  
CRITTERS!



AS YOUNG TIM FIGHTS WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE A LOSING BATTLE WITH THE  
HOGS, LORT MO'AR HAS HIS OWN  
ESCAPE CUT OFF...

HELP, HELP, THROW  
ME A ROPE, QUICK!



I'M GETTIN' OUT OF  
HERE! LET'S GO, AMIGOS  
SO LONG MOLAR, SEE  
YOU LATER, MAYBE!



THE LAZO KID, WHO WAS GUARDING  
THE REAR OF KELSEY'S CORRAL  
CLIMBS A LARGE TREE OVER-  
HANGING THE HOGS...

I DO NOT KNOW  
WHY I TRY TO  
SAVE YOU SENOR!



AS MORT IS PULLED  
INTO THE AIR...

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT,  
KELSEY, FOR NOT GETTIN'  
THEM HOGS OUTTA  
THAT CORRAL IN THE  
FIRST PLACE!



I'M GOIN' TO LET YOU  
HAVE A TASTE OF  
THE MEDICINE YOU  
GAVE MY SON!



LORT MOLAR ISN'T AS LUCKY  
AS TIM KELSEY, WHO HAS  
MANAGED TO CLIMB TO THE  
TOP OF THE CORRAL FENCE...



THE SHERIFF ARRIVES WITH HIS POSSE  
AS MOLAR DIES AMONG THE WILD  
HOGS AND WALT KELSEY HELPS HIS  
BATTERED SON TO THEIR HOUSE...

I'M MIGHTY  
SORRY I DIDN'T  
GET HERE IN  
TIME TO PREVENT  
ALL THIS!

I, TOO, AM SORRY  
SENOR..I SHOULD  
HAVE STAYED RIGHT  
WEETH YOU!

YOU DID YOUR  
BEST, LAZO!  
THANK PROVIDENCE  
EVERYTHING TURNED  
OUT ALL RIGHT!



ALWAYS THE  
FULL MOON  
BREENGES BAD  
LUCK, LAZO..  
YOU WEEEL  
NEED A  
NEW ROPE!

A NEW ROPE EES  
EASY TO BUY,  
PEDRO, BUT  
WALT KELSEY  
VEREE NEARLY  
LOST HEES SON!  
PERHAPS, PEDRO,  
THE FULL MOON  
HAS BROUGHT  
GOOD LUCK!



# REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5lbs. A WEEK  
EAT PLENTY!

YET

THE NEW, SCIENTIFIC WAY TO

## LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

### REDUCE 10-20-30 LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

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### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE!

NO STARVING  
NO EXERCISE  
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NO DRUGS  
NO MASSAGE

Absolutely  
HARMLESS  
and Actually  
GOOD FOR YOU!



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871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City  State

☐ I enclose \$2. Send three months' supply.

SENT ON APPROVAL

## FREE

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Be First  
Act Now

# GIVEN GIVEN

PREMIUMS

BOYS - GIRLS  
LADIES - MEN

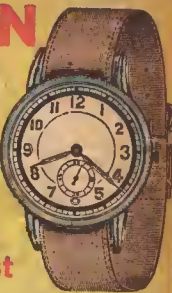
WE ARE  
RELIABLE

Our 54th Year



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Be First

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ADDRESS ON  
COUPON - NO MONEY NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, 1000 Shot  
Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), 22 Cal.  
Rifles, Radios, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other  
valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours.

WE TRUST YOU

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friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture)  
and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog  
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We Trust  
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Our  
54th  
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## PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN



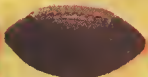
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Men - Send No  
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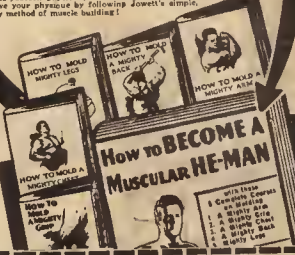
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